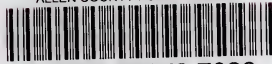


CHI

ALLEN COUNTY PUBLIC LIBRARY



3 1833 06673 7039



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2014

Allen County Public Library

2013 Poetry Contest



TO
WHOM
IT **MAY**

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

CONCERN

**to whom
it may
concern**

Sponsored by:

**Friends of the Library
Young Adults' Services
Children's Services**



Allen County Public Library • Fort Wayne, IN 46802 • www.acpl.info

2013 Poetry Contest

Allen County Public Library

To Whom It May Concern

Thank you to the hundreds of children and young adults
who submitted poems for this contest.

Thank you also to our judges:

Helen Presser	Canterbury Lower School
Cindy Steury	Huntington University
Bob Jone	Retired Teacher
Fran Hewett	Croninger Elementary
Erica Anderson-Senter	Poet
Susi Jones	Heritage Elementary
Mark HewettCroninger	Elementary
Tammy Miller	Woodlan Junior/Senior High School

Mary R. Voors
Children's Services
(260) 421-1220



Peggy Vaniman
Young Adults' Services
(260) 421-1255

Allen County Public Library

900 Library Plaza
Fort Wayne, IN 46802
(260) 421-1200
www.acpl.info

Winners by School

Grade	Place	Name of Poem	Name	School
Grade 11	1 st Place	<i>The Perfect Smile</i>	Erin Kilbane	Bishop Dwenger
Grade 11	2 nd Place	<i>A Mind Full of Misery</i>	Alea Wagner	Bishop Dwenger
Grade 11	3 rd Place	<i>Eternal Sleep</i>	Maria Welch	Bishop Dwenger
Grade 11	Honorable Mention	<i>I do not want to write a poem</i>	Jenny Roach	Bishop Dwenger
Grade 9	1 st Place	<i>Comprehension of the Suicidal Mind</i>	Brianne Boone	Boone Academy
Grade 1	2 nd Place	<i>Water</i>	Adderly Surack	Canterbury
Grade 3	3 rd Place	<i>To Whom It May Concern - Super Sunset</i>	Amber Choi	Canterbury
Grade 4	3 rd Place	<i>To Whom It May Concern: I Wish</i>	Leah Marquell	Canterbury
Grade 4	Honorable Mention	<i>To Whom It May Concern</i>	Emma Hildreth	Canterbury
Kindergarten	3 rd Place	<i>To Whom It May Concern</i>	Gavin Hoover	Canterbury
Kindergarten	Honorable Mention	<i>To Whom It May Concern</i>	Maya McMillan	Canterbury
Grade 8	1 st Place	<i>Nothing Rhymes With Purple</i>	Evan Cole	Canterbury
Grade 8	1 st Place	<i>One may be Concerned</i>	Camden Lytle	Canterbury
Grade 8	Honorable Mention	<i>My brother</i>	Elisha Scott	Canterbury
Grade 8	Honorable Mention	<i>For those who wake up at 4 AM</i>	Austin Fergusson	Canterbury
Grade 10	3 rd Place	<i>A Letter From the Past</i>	Keelan Koehne	Carroll
Grade 3	Honorable Mention	<i>Snowman</i>	Lucy Gongaware	Central Lutheran
Grade 4	2 nd Place	<i>Dear To Who It May Concern</i>	Meghan Beverly	Concordia Lutheran
Grade 2	1 st Place	<i>To Whom It May Concern</i>	Arden Meeks	Emmanuel St. Michael
Grade 2	2 nd Place	<i>Pat's Hats</i>	Cassidy Marden	Emmanuel St. Michael
Grade 2	Honorable Mention	<i>BROTHER</i>	Emily Milholland	Emmanuel St. Michael
Grade 7	2 nd Place	<i>The Native Dancer</i>	Sarah Hobson	Hobson Homeschool
Grade 9	2 nd Place	<i>America: To Whom It May Concern</i>	Hannah Hobson	Hobson Homeschool
Grade 5	3 rd Place	<i>To Whom It May Concern</i>	Shelby Schlicker	Holy Cross Lutheran
Grade 5	Honorable Mention	<i>To Whom It May Concern</i>	Abby Hodges	Holy Cross Lutheran
Grade 6	1 st Place	<i>To Whom It May Concern</i>	Olivia Grande	Holy Cross Lutheran
Grade 6	Honorable Mention	<i>To Whom It May Concern</i>	Nicholas Myles	Holy Cross Lutheran
Grade 7	3 rd Place	<i>Pie</i>	Christian Lucas	Holy Cross Lutheran
Grade 7	Honorable Mention	<i>To whom it may concern</i>	Grace Shollenberger	Holy Cross Lutheran
Grade 8	3 rd Place	<i>To Whom It May Concern</i>	Hannah Pitzer	Holy Cross Lutheran
Grade 1	1 st Place	<i>Swim Mess</i>	Grant Paxson	Homeschool
Grade 2	3 rd Place	<i>Untitled</i>	Isaac Maurer	Homeschool
Grade 4	2 nd Place	<i>My House</i>	Ian Ripple	Homeschool
Kindergarten	1 st Place	<i>To Whom It May Concern</i>	Adrianna Ripple	Homeschool
Kindergarten	2 nd Place	<i>Untitled</i>	Naomi Maurer	Homeschool
Grade 12	2 nd Place	<i>To Whom It May Concern</i>	Preston Owens	Hoosier Academy

Grade 3	2 nd Place	<i>Feelings</i>	Cole Gram	Horizon Christian Academy
Grade 6	3 rd Place	<i>Poem O' Poem</i>	Israel Robles	Memorial Park
Grade 6	Honorable Mention	<i>Hope</i>	Liberty Barton	Memorial Park
Grade 7	1 st Place	<i>Enough</i>	Zoe Moore	Memorial Park
Grade 10	1 st Place	<i>What I Am From</i>	Alexys Copeland	New Tech Academy @ Wayne
Grade 10	2 nd Place	<i>Soulful Seasons</i>	Kaytlin Callaway	New Tech Academy @ Wayne
Grade 10	Honorable Mention	<i>This is My Life</i>	Sylvia Tyra	New Tech Academy @ Wayne
Grade 12	1 st Place	<i>My Dearest Silence</i>	Emilee Parke	New Tech Academy @ Wayne
Grade 12	3 rd Place	<i>He Made Me This Way!</i>	Cameron Pernell	New Tech Academy @ Wayne
Grade 12	Honorable Mention	<i>Untitled</i>	Quatinya Ellis-McCall	New Tech Academy @ Wayne
Grade 9	3 rd Place	<i>Untitled</i>	Julien Ford	North Side
Grade 9	Honorable Mention	<i>To Whom It May Concern</i>	Lily Schenkel	North Side
Grade 5	1 st Place	<i>So Far Away</i>	Isabel Adamson	St. Jude Catholic
Grade 5	2 nd Place	<i>I'm Hungry</i>	August Grube	St. Jude Catholic
Grade 5	3 rd Place	<i>How Would You Feel</i>	Louis Tippmann	St. Jude Catholic
Grade 8	2 nd Place	<i>To Whom It May Concern</i>	Annabella Cobos	St. Jude Catholic
Grade 4	1 st Place	<i>Too Much Homework</i>	Ella Hildebrand	St. Paul's Lutheran
Grade 6	2 nd Place	<i>To Whom It May Concern</i>	Ariana Layton	Summit
Grade 3	1 st Place	<i>Sniffs</i>	Ren Moore	Weisser Park

[illegible]

Grade	Place	Name of Poem	Name	School
Grade 5	1 st Place	<i>So Far Away</i>	Isabel Adamson	St. Jude Catholic
Grade 6	Honorable Mention	<i>Hope</i>	Liberty Barton	Memorial Park
Grade 4	2 nd Place	<i>Dear To Who It May Concern</i>	Meghan Beverly	Concordia Lutheran
Grade 9	1 st Place	<i>Comprehension of the Suicidal Mind</i>	Brianne Boone	Boone Academy
Grade 10	2 nd Place	<i>Soulful Seasons</i>	Kaytlin Callaway	New Tech Academy @ Wayne
Grade 3	3 rd Place	<i>To Whom It May Concern - Super Sunset</i>	Amber Choi	Canterbury
Grade 8	2 nd Place	<i>To Whom It May Concern</i>	Annabella Cobos	St. Jude
Grade 8	1 st Place	Nothing Rhymes With Purple	Evan Cole	Canterbury
Grade 10	1 st Place	<i>What I Am From</i>	Alexys Copeland	New Tech Academy @ Wayne
Grade 12	Honorable Mention	<i>Untitled</i>	Quatinya Ellis-McCall	New Tech Academy @ Wayne
Grade 8	Honorable Mention	<i>For those who wake up at 4 AM</i>	Austin Fergusson	Canterbury
Grade 9	3 rd Place	<i>Untitled</i>	Julien Ford	North Side
Grade 3	Honorable Mention	<i>Snowman</i>	Lucy Gongaware	Central Lutheran
Grade 3	2 nd Place	<i>Feelings</i>	Cole Gram	Horizon Christian Academy
Grade 6	1 st Place	<i>To Whom It May Concern</i>	Olivia Grande	Holy Cross Lutheran
Grade 5	2 nd Place	<i>I'm Hungry</i>	August Grube	St. Jude Catholic
Grade 4	1 st Place	<i>Too Much Homework</i>	Ella Hildebrand	St. Paul's Lutheran
Grade 4	Honorable Mention	<i>To Whom It May Concern</i>	Emma Hildreth	Canterbury
Grade 9	2 nd Place	<i>America: To Whom It May Concern</i>	Hannah Hobson	Hobson Homeschool
Grade 7	2 nd Place	<i>The Native Dancer</i>	Sarah Hobson	Hobson Homeschool
Grade 5	Honorable Mention	<i>To Whom It May Concern</i>	Abby Hodges	Holy Cross Lutheran
Kindergarten	3 rd Place	<i>To Whom It May Concern</i>	Gavin Hoover	Canterbury
Grade 11	1 st Place	<i>The Perfect Smile</i>	Erin Kilbane	Bishop Dwenger
Grade 10	3 rd Place	<i>A Letter From the Past</i>	Keelan Koehne	Carroll
Grade 6	2 nd Place	<i>To Whom It May Concern</i>	Ariana Layton	Summit
Grade 7	3 rd Place	<i>Pie</i>	Christian Lucas	Holy Cross Lutheran
Grade 8	1 st Place	<i>One may be Concerned</i>	Camden Lytle	Canterbury
Grade 2	2 nd Place	<i>Pat's Hats</i>	Cassidy Marden	Emmanuel St. Michael
Grade 4	3 rd Place	<i>To Whom It May Concern: I Wish</i>	Leah Marquell	Canterbury
Grade 2	3 rd Place	<i>Untitled</i>	Isaac Maurer	Homeschool
Kindergarten	2 nd Place	<i>Untitled</i>	Naomi Maurer	Homeschool
Kindergarten	Honorable Mention	<i>To Whom It May Concern</i>	Maya McMillan	Canterbury

Grade 2	1 st Place	<i>To Whom It May Concern</i>	Arden Meeks	Emmanuel St. Michael
Grade 2	Honorable Mention	<i>BROTHER</i>	Emily Milholland	Emmanuel St. Michael
Grade 3	1 st Place	<i>Sniffs</i>	Ren Moore	Weisser Park
Grade 7	1 st Place	<i>Enough</i>	Zoe Moore	Memorial Park
Grade 6	Honorable Mention	<i>To Whom It May Concern</i>	Nicholas Myles	Holy Cross Lutheran
Grade 12	2 nd Place	<i>To Whom It May Concern</i>	Preston Owens	Hoosier Academy
Grade 12	1 st Place	<i>My Dearest Silence</i>	Emilee Parke	New Tech Academy @ Wayne
Grade 1	1 st Place	<i>Swim Mess</i>	Grant Paxson	Homeschool
Grade 12	3 rd Place	<i>He Made Me This Way!</i>	Cameron Pernell	New Tech Academy @ Wayne
Grade 8	3 rd Place	<i>To Whom It May Concern</i>	Hannah Pitzer	Holy Cross Lutheran
Kindergarten	1 st Place	<i>To Whom It May Concern</i>	Adrianna Ripple	Homeschool
Grade 4	2 nd Place	<i>My House</i>	Ian Ripple	Homeschool
Grade 11	Honorable Mention	<i>I do not want to write a poem</i>	Jenny Roach	Bishop Dwenger
Grade 6	3 rd Place	<i>Poem O' Poem</i>	Israel Robles	Memorial Park
Grade 9	Honorable Mention	<i>To Whom It May Concern</i>	Lily Schenkel	North Side
Grade 5	3 rd Place	<i>To Whom It May Concern</i>	Shelby Schlicker	Holy Cross Lutheran
Grade 8	Honorable Mention	<i>My brother</i>	Elisha Scott	Canterbury
Grade 7	Honorable Mention	<i>To whom it may concern</i>	Grace Shollenberger	Holy Cross Lutheran
Grade 1	2 nd Place	<i>Water</i>	Adderly Surack	Canterbury
Grade 5	3 rd Place	<i>How Would You Feel</i>	Louis Tippmann	St. Jude Catholic
Grade 10	Honorable Mention	<i>This is My Life</i>	Sylvia Tyra	New Tech Academy @ Wayne
Grade 11	2 nd Place	<i>A Mind Full of Misery</i>	Alea Wagner	Bishop Dwenger
Grade 11	3 rd Place	<i>Eternal Sleep</i>	Maria Welch	Bishop Dwenger

Grade	Place	Name of Poem	Name	School
Kindergarten	1 st Place	<i>To Whom It May Concern</i>	Adrianna Ripple	Homeschool
Kindergarten	2 nd Place	<i>Untitled</i>	Naomi Maurer	Homeschool
Kindergarten	3 rd Place	<i>To Whom It May Concern</i>	Gavin Hoover	Canterbury
Kindergarten	Honorable Mention	<i>To Whom It May Concern</i>	Maya McMillan	Canterbury
Grade 1	1 st Place	<i>Swim Mess</i>	Grant Paxson	Homeschool
Grade 1	2 nd Place	<i>Water</i>	Adderly Surack	Canterbury
Grade 2	1 st Place	<i>To Whom It May Concern</i>	Arden Meeks	Emmanuel St. Michael
Grade 2	2 nd Place	<i>Pat's Hats</i>	Cassidy Marden	Emmanuel St. Michael
Grade 2	3 rd Place	<i>Untitled</i>	Isaac Maurer	Homeschool
Grade 2	Honorable Mention	<i>BROTHER</i>	Emily Milholland	Emmanuel St. Michael
Grade 3	1 st Place	<i>Sniffs</i>	Ren Moore	Weisser Park
Grade 3	2 nd Place	<i>Feelings</i>	Cole Gram	Horizon Christian Academy
Grade 3	3 rd Place	<i>To Whom It May Concern - Super Sunset</i>	Amber Choi	Canterbury
Grade 3	Honorable Mention	<i>Snowman</i>	Lucy Gongaware	Central Lutheran
Grade 4	1 st Place	<i>Too Much Homework</i>	Ella Hildebrand	St. Paul's Lutheran
Grade 4	2 nd Place	<i>My House</i>	Ian Ripple	Homeschool
Grade 4	2 nd Place	<i>Dear To Who It May Concern</i>	Meghan Beverly	Concordia Lutheran
Grade 4	3 rd Place	<i>To Whom It May Concern: I Wish</i>	Leah Marquell	Canterbury
Grade 4	Honorable Mention	<i>To Whom It May Concern</i>	Emma Hildreth	Canterbury
Grade 5	1 st Place	<i>So Far Away</i>	Isabel Adamson	St. Jude Catholic
Grade 5	2 nd Place	<i>I'm Hungry</i>	August Grube	St. Jude Catholic
Grade 5	3 rd Place	<i>To Whom It May Concern</i>	Shelby Schlicker	Holy Cross Lutheran
Grade 5	3 rd Place	<i>How Would You Feel</i>	Louis Tippmann	St. Jude Catholic
Grade 5	Honorable Mention	<i>To Whom It May Concern</i>	Abby Hodges	Holy Cross Lutheran
Grade 6	1 st Place	<i>To Whom It May Concern</i>	Olivia Grande	Holy Cross Lutheran
Grade 6	2 nd Place	<i>To Whom It May Concern</i>	Ariana Layton	Summit
Grade 6	3 rd Place	<i>Poem O' Poem</i>	Israel Robles	Memorial Park
Grade 6	Honorable Mention	<i>To Whom It May Concern</i>	Nicholas Myles	Holy Cross Lutheran
Grade 6	Honorable Mention	<i>Hope</i>	Liberty Barton	Memorial Park
Grade 7	1 st Place	<i>Enough</i>	Zoe Moore	Memorial Park
Grade 7	2 nd Place	<i>The Native Dancer</i>	Sarah Hobson	Hobson Homeschool
Grade 7	3 rd Place	<i>Pie</i>	Christian Lucas	Holy Cross Lutheran
Grade 7	Honorable Mention	<i>To whom it may concern</i>	Grace Shollenberger	Holy Cross Lutheran
Grade 8	1 st Place	<i>Nothing Rhymes With Purple</i>	Evan Cole	Canterbury
Grade 8	1 st Place	<i>One may be Concerned</i>	Camden Lytle	Canterbury
Grade 8	2 nd Place	<i>To Whom It May Concern</i>	Annabella Cobos	St. Jude
Grade 8	3 rd Place	<i>To Whom It May Concern</i>	Hannah Pitzer	Holy Cross Lutheran
Grade 8	Honorable Mention	<i>My brother</i>	Elisha Scott	Canterbury
Grade 8	Honorable Mention	<i>For those who wake up at 4 AM</i>	Austin Fergusson	Canterbury
Grade 9	1 st Place	<i>Comprehension of the Suicidal Mind</i>	Brianne Boone	Boone Academy
Grade 9	2 nd Place	<i>America: To Whom It May Concern</i>	Hannah Hobson	Hobson Homeschool

Grade 9	3 rd Place	<i>Untitled</i>	Julien Ford	North Side
Grade 9	Honorable Mention	<i>To Whom It May Concern</i>	Lily Schenkel	North Side
Grade 10	1 st Place	<i>What I Am From</i>	Alexys Copeland	New Tech Academy @ Wayne
Grade 10	2 nd Place	<i>Soulful Seasons</i>	Kaytlin Callaway	New Tech Academy @ Wayne
Grade 10	3 rd Place	<i>A Letter From the Past</i>	Keelan Koehne	Carroll
Grade 10	Honorable Mention	<i>This is My Life</i>	Sylvia Tyra	New Tech Academy @ Wayne
Grade 11	1 st Place	<i>The Perfect Smile</i>	Erin Kilbane	Bishop Dwenger
Grade 11	2 nd Place	<i>A Mind Full of Misery</i>	Alea Wagner	Bishop Dwenger
Grade 11	3 rd Place	<i>Eternal Sleep</i>	Maria Welch	Bishop Dwenger
Grade 11	Honorable Mention	<i>I do not want to write a poem</i>	Jenny Roach	Bishop Dwenger
Grade 12	1 st Place	<i>My Dearest Silence</i>	Emilee Parke	New Tech Academy @ Wayne
Grade 12	2 nd Place	<i>To Whom It May Concern</i>	Preston Owens	Hoosier Academy
Grade 12	3 rd Place	<i>He Made Me This Way!</i>	Cameron Pernell	New Tech Academy @ Wayne
Grade 12	Honorable Mention	<i>Untitled</i>	Quatinya Ellis-McCall	New Tech Academy @ Wayne

Kindergarten-1st Place
Adrianna Ripple

Homeschool

To Whom It May Concern

I wish I had a robot daddy.

When robot daddy goes to work,

Real daddy will stay home and play board games with me.

When robot daddy goes to work,

Real daddy will toss a football in the front yard with me.

When robot daddy goes to work,

Real daddy will take me to the pet store to pet the puppies.

When robot daddy goes to work,

Real daddy will watch the squirrels chase each other with me.

When robot daddy goes to work,

Real daddy will snuggle with me on the couch to watch TV.

When robot daddy goes to work,

Real daddy will play basketball in the basement with me.

When robot daddy goes to work,

Real daddy and I will color pictures of butterflies together.

When robot daddy comes home from work,

I will say

"Thank You!"

Kindergarten-2nd Place
Naomi Maurer

Homeschool

Teddy Bears are fun.

You can sleep with them.

They do not like it when you throw them.

They do like it when you cuddle with them.

If you do not have a Teddy Bear,

You should get one.

**Kindergarten-3rd Place
Gavin Hoover**

Canterbury

To Whom It May Concern:
Close your eyes and see...
Red,
Drawing fire trucks,
Resharpening,
Scribbling fire,
Red colored pencil.

**Kindergarten-Honorable Mention
Maya McMillan**

Canterbury

To Whom It May Concern:
Close your eyes and see...
Yellow,
Running with four long legs,
Eating lettuce from my hand at the zoo,
Stretching their brown dark-spotted necks,
Yellow giraffes.

**First Grade-1st Place
Grant Paxson**

Homeschool

Swim Mess

I didn't want to
go to swim,
so I hid pudding in
my hair.

I did a cannonball.
It was quite a show!

The lifeguard blew
his whistle,
and we all had to get out.
I didn't want to go.

First Grade-2nd Place
Adderly Surack

Canterbury

Water

Water is fun to play in,
you could play all day in the water
you can splash, you can dive,
you can do a cannonball, you
can go under the water
and do a handstand, and then
you get out of the water
to dry off and go home.

Second Grade-1st Place
Arden Meeks

Emmanuel-St. Michael

To Whom It May Concern:

This is what I think of school:

I think school is very cool!

I've already reached my A.R. goal,

With 35 points, I'm on a roll!

Kickball games with my friends are fun;

When I kick the ball, I really run!

There are many delicious choices for lunch,

Pizza, mac n' cheese, bosco sticks, there are a bunch!

I am really loving 2nd grade.

My teacher is the best-I wouldn't trade!

Second Grade-2nd Place
Cassidy Marden

Emmanuel St. Michael

Pat's Hats

There once was a girl named Pat,
Who owned a room full of hats.
She had hats that were purple,
green, pink and blue.
Yellow, red, orange, and magenta, too.
Some were striped,
Some were polkadot,
Some were glittery,
Some were not.
She wore her hats everywhere.
She wore them because
She had no hair.
Support the cure!

Second Grade-3rd Place
Isaac Maurer

Homeschool

Grandmothers always love you.
Even when you do things that are bad.
Grandmothers hug and listen to you
Usually, when you are sad.
It makes grandmothers unhappy,
When you do things that are bad.
When grandmothers spend time with you,
That is when they are glad.

Second Grade-Honorable Mention
Emily Milholland

Emmanuel St. Michael

BROTHER

You know I don't like it when you play with my toys.
But, if I say you can, you can.
You know I don't like it when you come into my room.
But, if I say you can, you can.
You know I don't like it when you use my markers
But, if I say you can, you can.
You know I don't like it when you fall asleep in my bed.
But if I say you can, you can.

You know sometimes I pretend with you.
And I'm happy you're my brother.
You know sometimes I push you on the swing, and you push me too,
And I'm happy you're my brother.
You know sometimes you keep me company,
And I'm happy you're my brother.
You know sometimes I read to you,
And I'm happy you're my brother.

Hey brother, I say you can, so what do you want to play?

Third Grade-1st Place
Ren Moore

Weisser Park

Sniffs

My hamster's name was Sniffs;
She was sweet as could be.
Sniffs would toddle around her cage;
It was a funny sight to see.

She would stuff her cheeks with food;
She never ate a hot dog or weenie.
Also she was an escape artist,
Just like Houdini.

When she'd stuff her cheeks,
It looked like she had three heads.
But now I really, REALLY wish,
That she was not dead.

She died November 1, 2013.
I cried and cried and cried.
I went to school that day,
And when I got home she had already died.

So to who it may concern,
A pet is a special friend.
So treat your pet well,
And love them until the very end.

**Third Grade-2nd Place
Cole Gram**

Horizon Christian Academy

Feelings

I'm Feeling

really mad

and really

cross and

sad

like a

person that

is always

bullied around.

Third Grade-3rd Place
Amber Choi

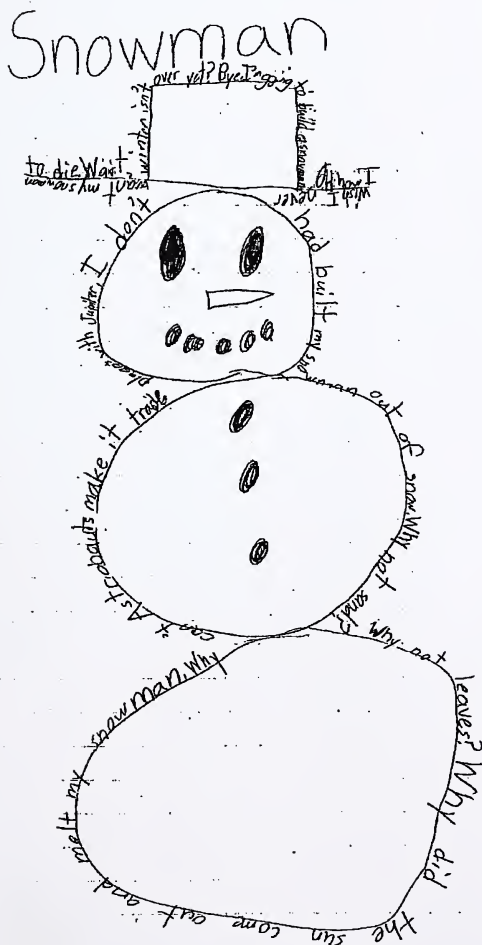
Canterbury

To Whom It May Concern
Super Sunset

The sun is setting.
The sky, full of colors:
Purple, red, pink, and orange
Calmness over me
With a gentle breeze,
And nighttime creeps in.

Third Grade-Honorable Mention
Lucy Gongaware

Central Lutheran



Snowman

Oh, how I wish I never had built my
snowman
out of snow.
Why not sand?
Why not leaves?
Why did the sun come out
and melt my snowman?
Why can't Astronauts make it trade places
with Jupiter?
I don't want my snowman to die.
Wait!
Winter isn't over yet?
Bye.
I'm going to build a snowman.

Too Much homework

To whom it may concern,
I'd like you to learn
my homework is
loading me d
o
w
n.

I cannot believe
that you teachers
had to leave
me
with so much
Homework.

I'll never get
ANYTHING
done.

I'll never do
ANYTHING
fun.

Well, I guess
That's because
I've not
started
problem one.

Fourth Grade-2nd Place
Meghan Beverly

Concordia Lutheran

Dear To who it may concern,

Bees
Outside the house
over the ground
past the tree
around bushes
toward the flowers
at the petals
to the pollen.

Please help,
Meghan

Fourth Grade-2nd Place
Ian Ripple

Homeschool

My House

To whom it may concern,
we have a black cat
that will give you the scares
and
we have a huge spider
that lives in the stairs
plus we have a snake that lives in the trees
and
the walnuts fall and could
hurt you with ease.
We also have
a big active bee hive
with millions of bees
and cotton that flows through
the sweet spring breeze.
Visit if you dare.
You will be in for a scare.

Fourth Grade-3rd Place
Leah Marquell

Canterbury

To Whom it May Concern:

I WISH

I wish that life wasn't such a maze.

I wish the sky was forever blue.

I wish trees wouldn't be cut down.

I wish my garden could always be green.

I wish the clouds could always be elegant
and puffy.

I wish this day would never end.

Fourth Grade-Honorable Mention
Emma Hildreth

Canterbury

To Whom It May
Concern:

Dreams
lead you
to your
destiny.

They help
you live.

They twinkle
like stars.

They
grow
and
grow
and
grow.

You follow
their path
until the
end.

Fifth Grade-1st Place
Isabel Adamson

St. Jude Catholic

So Far Away

I miss you and I love you;
I wish you could have stayed.
I thought about you today when I went outside and played.
I know you are so far away.

Now I know you are out in combat,
But you already know that.
I want you to recognize that
Back home everyone knows you as
Our gallant, sympathetic, and heroic sergeant.

You have been in battle with many different people.
All for a common cause.
When you return home,
You should be greeted with applause.

At night I sit and look at the moon
And pray that all our troops
Come home to their families
Soon.

Fifth Grade-2nd Place
August Grube

St. Jude Catholic

I'm Hungry

Just to tell you all,
I'm a caterpillar—very small.
I've been in this jar for
days!
It's sad in many ways.
Please give me a leaf,
or I'll make you feel
grief.

Right now I'm trying
to not start crying.
You are being very rude!
Can't you give me some food?
I need some now,
Or I won't know how
To turn into a butterfly!

Fifth Grade-3rd Place
Shelby Schlicker

Holy Cross Lutheran

To Whom it May Concern

I love reading every day.
In fact, I'd rather read than play.
Some people think I'm crazy.
Others might think I'm lazy.
But I don't think I'm either one.
Cause reading is just so fun!
I learn a lot from books each day.
Making my grades more than ok!
So I vote we read more in school.
Since reading is obviously cool!

Fifth Grade-3rd Place
Louis Tippmann

St. Jude Catholic

How Would You Feel?

Allow me to present my death-bed case:
I'd have fewer worries if you ate a different race.

For some reason, we're there on Thanksgiving Day,
All cooked and roasted on the buffet.

No chicken or hen, not even a duck;
Just me and my buddies have the bad luck.

Stuffed, cooked and even basted,
I taste so good that nothing is wasted!

I like potatoes, stuffing and jam.
So this Thanksgiving, please have ham...!

Fifth Grade-Honorable Mention
Abby Hodges

Holy Cross Lutheran

To Whom It May Concern

You may think I'm a standard 5th grader. I'm not.
Here's a little more about me.

Abby

Who has brown hair, blue eyes, and glasses.

The sister of Lizzy and Matthew.

Who loves drawing, volleyball, and basketball.

Who feels mad about people kicking volleyballs.

Who needs food, water, and chocolate.

Who gives kindness, friendship, and book
recommendations.

Who fears bees, tornadoes, and not having any good
books to read.

Who'd like to see Ancient Greece.

Who dreams of being an artist.

A student of Holy Cross.

Abs

Sixth Grade-1st Place
Olivia Grande

Holy Cross Lutheran

To whom it may concern

I've gone through all this pain,

People these days are mean and vain

I've cried about a thousand times

And all I could do was watch my strength die

But I've wiped up all my tears

And gathered up my fears

I won't sink to your level

I won't play your games

After all you end up being the same

You keep taking someone down

Just to wear a worthless crown

STOP BULLYING

Sixth Grade-2nd Place
Ariana Layton

Summit

To Whom It May Concern

To whom it may concern,

I'm tired,

I'm achy,

I'm hurting,

I'm sick,

I'm hot,

I'm thirsty.

I want my family,

I want my friends,

I want my pets,

I want my perfect life back,

I want to win this war,

I want to go home.

I don't want to wake up at the crack of dawn,

I don't want be here,

I don't want to be soldier...

Anymore.

Sixth Grade- 3rd Place
Israel Robles

Memorial Park

Poem O' Poem

Poem O' Poem

I write about thee

You don't know,

How much stress you've caused me

Poem O' Poem

I am writing about you,

I'm kind of forced to do this,

You're like a sad, sad blue

Poem O' Poem
I hope you know,
You've taken up time,
I'd rather be playing in the snow

Poem O' Poem
Listen if you will,
You are like a
Big, ugly utilities bill

Sixth Grade-Honorable Mention
Nicholas Myles

Holy Cross Lutheran

To Whom It May Concern
Global warming is quite alarming,
It deserves attention because it's concerning,
The earth is precious like a jewel,
We need to learn how to conserve fuel,
Our future is bright,
We need to learn how to treat our earth right

Sixth Grade-Honorable Mention
Liberty Barton

Memorial Park

Hope

To whom it may concern.....

Darkness is consuming me whole
no light is near
no hope is here
everything is telling me to let go
but no I don't let go I still have hope
light will come
darkness will leave
I have hope do you?

Seventh Grade-1st Place
Zoe Moore

Memorial Park

Enough

To whom it may concern,
I am more than all things I've seen.
I am more than the storms I've braved
And the words that have left my lips.
I am more.

To whom it may concern,
I am more than the smile I wear
And the songs I've sung
And the words I've written on my paper.
I am more.

To whom it may concern,
I am more than the path I am pushed to follow.
I am more than the dreams I choose to chase.
I am more than the things you've heard.
I am more.

To whom it my concern,
I am more than the girl with the short brown hair.
I am more than the sketches in my notebook.
I am more than my mistakes.
I am more.

To whom it may concern,
I am more than you will ever know.
And nothing less.
And – I am enough.

Seventh Grade-2nd Place
Sarah Hobson

Hobson Homeschool

The Native Dancer

To whom it may concern:

Her chestnut hair is dancing behind her shoulders.

Her voice soars high into the sky, carried by the wind.

She is moving gracefully in time with the music.

Sparkling eyes peek out from behind thick eye lashes.

Her wrists move easily to and fro like little birds.

The turquoise beads on her deerskin dress jump up and down.

Her mind races from the sheer joy of the merriment.

She is a Native American dancing as a tribute to the wind goddess.

Sincerely,

Sarah

Seventh Grade-3rd Place
Christian Lucas

Holy Cross Lutheran

Pie

To Whom It May Concern:

I like pie

I'm a pie guy

But I don't know why

It goes so fast

I wish it would last

I think about apple

I'm living in the past

Because I ate it

Sometimes I wish I waited

But I had to taste it

I didn't want to waste it

So of course I ate it

**Seventh Grade-Honorable Mention
Grace Shollenberger**

Holy Cross Lutheran

To whom it may concern

It is very rude to chew with your mouth open,
The sound of the chewing noise is quite loud,
Then when you see the food
It is most of all rude,
Then whenever you talk
The food comes out
Since you have read this passage,
Can you try not to eat with your mouth open?

**Eighth Grade-1st Place
Evan Cole**

Canterbury

Nothing Rhymes With Purple

The majestic gleam of it
As it sits there silent
Swaying back and forth
Back and forth
Like no one's business
It doesn't care what you think
It goes along anyways
Swaying
The simple purple flower
All the attention you give it
You stare at it
The color mesmerizing
It can't choose its color
Just like you can't choose yours
Nothing rhymes with purple
Nothing rhymes with you

One may be Concerned

One might be concerned that I won't be here tomorrow

I will leave and I won't look back

All the cares are gone

But some send the troubles with me

With hours to take up my relief

I'll be gone

Once it happens there is no going back

It will be black

I won't feel anything

If there is anything to do

I wouldn't know

No one would be able to tell me

I am going to leave the torture

Escape from the pain

I have tried to cope

But it is too much

I'm going to do it

This time it's real

Once it happens there is no going back

No one to boss me around

No one to tell me what to do

I'll feel nothing as it happens

I'm doing now. Goodbye

This feels great

No more school

It is the weekend

And I'm going to sleep

Sleep through the whole thing

Eighth Grade-2nd Place
Annabella Cobos

St. Jude Catholic

To whom It My Concern,

I am from my mother's hand-crocheted valence,
which hangs elegantly above my window.
I am from Pooh bear, Eeyour, and Piglet.
I am from Disney and Pixar, and happily ever after.

I am from Andre, the baby seal,
my first webkinz, ever.
I am from long bike rides and walks along the St. Lawrence River.

I am from pink bubblegum,
and from the sagas of Twilight and the Hunger Games.
I am from Team Jacob and Katniss Everdeen.

I am from hair brushes, lip glosses, lotions and potions,
from lush cosmetics and sassy saxophones.
I am from French braids, even though I've never been to France.

I am from Brandy Melville:
cropped tops and short shorts, and windblown hair.
I am from wild flowers and tall grass.
I am from iPhones
where it's insta-good to seek insta-fun.

I am from the place called love, where people don't make generalizations
and prejudice doesn't exist.
I am from tolerance and humor;
hate gets ushered outside, and green reigns.

I am from Fort Wayne and Montreal; From the US and Canada.
I am from knowledge, elegance, and grace.
I am from the "stop the stupidity, there's enough stupidity in the world, you don't
need to add to it" and the "put a lid on it and simmer down", folks.

I am from sin and salvation; dust and ashes.
I am from my great-grandmother's defiance and my great-grandfather's calm.
I am from my father's reasonableness and mother's unfailing heart.

I am from chocolaty, fudge brownies, and sprinkles.
I am from poutine. (French fries smothered in gravy, topped with gooey, ooey, melty,
cheese).
I am from the backyard vegetable garden, tended to and cared for.
I am from the tomato, homegrown, flavorful, and cherished.

I am from the Millennium,
Glee and Pretty Little Liars.

I am from Chuck Bass,
and all the injustice.

I am from every good moment that has ever passed.
I am from the first day of August, when the landscape is as it should be.
I am from what I was meant to be.
I am from lighthouse at the edge of the sea.

And I remain,
Sincerely yours.

Eighth Grade-3rd Place
Hannah Pitzer

Holy Cross Lutheran

To Whom It May Concern

To whom it may concern
I am not a poet.
I can't sit down
And write a whole poem
All at once.
I'd rather read a book
Or someone else's work
But not my own.
I am not a poet,
A mathematician – maybe.
I am not the kind of person
To find deep meaning in everything,
I need an answer
Straight out of the book,
So to whom it may concern
I am not a poet.

Eighth Grade-Honorable Mention
Elisha Scott

Canterbury

My Brother

Waking up on that day to see my mom crying
The call came in last night
I looked at her unsure, confused, lost not knowing where to turn
When Aaron walked in looking a little pale

He had a bag of Legos in his hand
We all walked to the car together then to the hospital
I was told to wait in the hall
Watching my brother and my mom walk into a room
Hearing the crying and the yelling in all the confusion
My mom comes back out
She doesn't say a word yet I know it all
She takes my hand and I turn around just to see the glimpse of my brother
Laying on the bed
Four more years I sat in that chair for hours hearing the adults talk
Listening to their words was the scariest part of all
I will never forget the time my brother had cancer,
The time I lost it all

Eighth Grade-Honorable Mention
Austin Fergusson

Canterbury

For those who wake up at 4 AM

For those who wake up at 4 in the morning, it's not an enjoyable task.
You have to set our alarm especially early and make sure your brother doesn't hear.
And make your parents understand that you need to go to this practice, not want.
For those who wake up at 4 in the morning, and you have to make your own breakfast.
And then it's just too hot or too cold, and you just have to go to bed.
And the swimsuit, which you will have to put on is still wet from last night.
For those who wake up at 4 in the morning, and pack up your homework as well as your lunch.
And try to get in to the car that was left out in the snow last night.
And try not to fall asleep in the car with the heat right in your face.
For those who wake up at 4 in the morning, and eat their breakfast and gallon of water in your belly.
And those who have to get out of the car at the pool and have to go swimming.
And walk through the shower room, with all the steam making you so warm.
For those who have to go change into their suit and then take their goggles and jog out into the pool

And for those who get to talk to their friends even before the sun comes up and the crickets still chirp.

And for those who have to do their warm up and the person behind you is sprinting it.
For those who wake up at 4 in the morning, and flip turn kick that snob who is in your way.

And for those who finish the set early and get to go to school

And for those who go and eat a second or even third breakfast.

This is for those who wake up at 4 in the morning, and you still haven't seen the sun

**Ninth Grade-1st Place
Brianne Boone**

Boone Academy

Comprehension of the Suicidal Mind

There are nearly 30,000 cases of suicide annually in The United States.

Someone dies by suicide every 16.2 minutes.

You stare deadpan at the wall

You've never felt so abandoned

Suicide is the third leading cause of death in teenagers.

Why can't they comprehend?

Would they care if I was gone?

Suicide intimately affects at least six other people.

You sit forlorn watching people pass by

You see the flowering blooms

Why aren't I content?

Suicide rates are highest in the spring.

You see someone with a glistening smile

They sit alongside you

90% of people who commit suicide had a treatable mental disorder when they died.

They lay a blossom in your hand

You couldn't help but expose a delighted grin

Individuals who plan or have attempted suicide do not want to die.

They only feel as if they don't have anyone to understand.

You never know if a smile may save someone's life.

Ninth Grade-2nd Place
Hannah Hobson

Hobson Homeschool

America: To Whom It May Concern

America is a land
Of sparkly, sandy seashores;
Of fascinating, fruitful forests;
Of majestic, mysterious mountains;
Of radiant, rippling rivers;
Of pleasant, prominent plains
The land of my home sweet home.

America is a land
Of people who cherish and care;
Of people who are friendly and fair;
Of people who strongly save;
The land of the free and the brave.

Ninth Grade-3rd Place
Julien Ford

North Side

To whom it may concern
The world has no peace and never will
The world is full of hateful and racist people
We have wars and spilled blood and tears...
But for what?
There are so many other options
Why must innocent men and women die
One person makes a mistake and we all suffer
And racism kills us too
Why judge someone for their skin?
It's just a color
The inside is what matters
Because inside we're all the same
It's who we are, how we act, and what we do
That makes us
The world not having peace is bad...
But it's just one of the dreadful things that make the world go round
I wish there was a way to change but we...
Can't

To Whom It May Concern

To the people who think violence is dreadful
Violence changes the world
Violence is like a nuclear bomb
Violence is frightening
Violence can come out of nowhere
Violence is not a pretty thing
Violence kills you and others worldwide
Some people think violence is really cool
Some people think violence is better than nonviolence
Why do people think this way?
Why do some people like violence?
Why does it exist?
Is violence bad or good?
Or is it both?
Violence happens every day
Every month
And every year
Violence makes the world go black
blue and red
Violence happens worldwide
But!
We humans can weaken violence with
Peace!
Together!
We can make the world a better place!
Together!
We can KILL
Violence!
TOGETHER!
We can
STOP VIOLENCE!

Tenth Grade-1st Place
Alexys Copeland

New Tech Academy @ Wayne

What I Am From

I am from a sandbox oozing full of gooey mud,
and the sounds of training wheels
grinding against the pavement.
To chilled ice pops,
and wild cherry flavored Capri Suns

I am from the crisp smell of pine trees,
and freshly cut grass on a summer's day
To soft warm summer nights,
and the crackling sounds of a campfire
late at night

I am from the distant sound of high school
football games,
and the radiant colors of sidewalk chalk
To capturing lightning bugs in mason jars
And my grandma's engrossing
late night stories

I am from late nights at the ice rink,
and frostbitten fingers and toes
To the roar of the crowd of fans
and the frustration of the referees,
to a lifetime of penalties,
and several broken bones

I am from my great grandma's vegetable soup
and my mom's grilled cheese toasties,
to sticky little fingers
and pink Barbie band-aides
I am from a childhood full of memories
And a family full of love

Tenth Grade-2nd Place
Kaytlin Callaway

New Tech Academy @ Wayne

Soulful Seasons

From the sticky bushes to the blessed churches

to the sound of the wind whistling through the violent cold sky

To the cold dark winter nights like a freezer with a broken light

from the flawless snowflakes dancing from the sky

when next season comes we will be saying goodbye to

the cold gloomy nights

And saying hello to the shouting bold sun

To the hot sweaty days to the daydreaming sunset

Soon after the jolly green leaves will show their faces

They will be turning into crisp baked fallen leaves

Falling day by day packing the street like a crisp colorful avalanche

To the advanced raking to the ruffling and crunching of the bubbly children

Making a fall leaf wonderland out of the enormous piles

As the colorful avalanche says goodbye along with the dancing snowflakes

And the eye-catching sunset we settle, we sleep

We daydream

Tenth Grade-3rd Place
Keelan Koehne

Carroll

A Letter From the Past

My dearest mother—

Do you remember? I will never forget.

The afternoon light came through the window

Like a dozen tiny crystals diffracted by the rain

You held your bated breath and it turned to shadow

The wind did not sound solemn again;

Childish wailing arose in the den.

Suddenly the crystal-light turned to blades
They stung my tired eyes and drew my anguished tears
When my world, with your future, with my hope, began to fade
Above my head, Death swayed,
A blackened chandelier,
With piercing, pointed ends that drew ever near,
And candles that burned low but still sent smoke
Which obscured my senses and choked
my fighting lungs.
I was sure that when something so vital in you broke
The answer was dancing on the tip of our tongues
But we could not catch it and it remained unsung.
The cure did not arise
Despite the twinkle in your eyes
Nor the song in your voice, nor the dance in your step
The warmth in your arms did nothing quell the ice
As disaster came intimately, stealthily it crept
And suddenly—lo and behold!—it took one misstep!
I daren't ask how for fear of the answer,
I choose to enjoy the victory yet
Of having you still
But I will
Never forget.

Tenth Grade-Honorable Mention
Sylvia Tyra

Am I speaking in a foreign language, LOST?
My tongue lays dry
Reminiscing on reasons why, the grass
wasn't
greener on the other side
At least that's what father would say when
he
didn't get his way
Elijah I'll give you 20 dollars if you beat me
in
Madden
CHILDISH GAMES he was only 10
How was that fair

When you're a grown man, STAND
Man up...
WALK...TALK, we all know what that meant
Gather common sense
No wasting time

My dad wasn't typical
His motto was never let you left had know
what your right hand's doing
Be On ONE at all times, never let another
see
your grind READ YOUR MIND
I think now why that matter did
We're family and you never spent a dime

My dad
He's one of a kind
That just how he was
I love him with all my heart
This is my life

Tibb come here
Can you fix me something to eat...?
HUNGRY...
NO MONEY
After a long day
Momma what you want I SAY
Still, to this day
After a back to back shift
Man I knew she was beat...
COMPANIONLESS
and alone
To come home to no heat

Father barely home
She given him all her hard earned money...
PSHHH

New Tech Academy @ Wayne

For him not to pay any rent
But spend it on other honeys

HA my mom's a good one
To put up with that mess CHEATING...
BEATING
She looked at him like he was GOD
But felt so depressed

Why her
A STRONG woman
Who deserved so much better
She would write how she felt
Then discard of the letter

I KNOW my momma
She ain't got to be ashamed... HUMILIATED
Nawhh so many has been through that
game.

ENDURING...VIGOROUS... TOUGH
That's MY Momma
Dorothy Wesley

My mom
She's one of kind
That's just how she is
I love her with all my heart
This is my life

Never settle for less Sylvia
You will be one of a kind
For all the battles to come
Keep mama's story in mind
I want to do better
I want to be better
No one will stop me
At the end of the day
I'm going to be who I want to be.

Sylvia
She will be one of a kind
That's just how she is
I love her with all my heart
This WAS my life.

Eleventh Grade-1st Place
Erin Kilbane

Bishop Dwenger

The Perfect Smile

Running, racing down the hall,
Green velvet dress flowing,
Black patent leather shoes pounding on the tile floor.
Stepping into the doorway,
An exceptional smile spreads across his face.
Coming closer, but no close enough,
He slips through her tiny fingers,
Returning to the earth,
Leaving only his smile behind,
Forever engrained in her memory.

Eleventh Grade-2nd Place
Alea Wagner

Bishop Dwenger

A Mind Full Of Misery

Caught up in the sea of misery
Longing to reach the surface
Before I **drown**
I seek a last **breath**, exhaling
As water **fills** my lungs
Promises of yesterday
Yet to be **fulfilled**
Worry fills my mind
As all things become **undone**
I use my **last** breath
To **scream** out
Finally **releasing**
The **last** of my anxious thoughts
As darkness **takes** me

Eleventh Grade-3rd Place
Maria Welch

Bishop Dwenger

Eternal Sleep

I'm tired mom
And sleep won't help
You left me alone mom
I cry myself to sleep
Lay in this cold room
Surrounded by darkness
I want to close my hazel eyes
And imagine life as it used to be
Take me back mom
I hope for a better tomorrow
But I know it won't come
He's out again...
...I'm alone again
And there's nothing I can do
All I can do is sleep.

Eleventh Grade-Honorable Mention
Jenny Roach

Bishop Dwenger

I do not want to write a poem

I do not want to write a poem
I'm not clever,
Nor can I rhyme,
Or come up with anything that is entirely my own
I have no inspiration, nor experiences
But I will write one anyway

I do not want to write a love poem
Love isn't that spectacular
It is not what is described by others
Not sunshine or roses,
Not daisies or gravitational pulls
No "love is a spring by which we live"

No

Love is something that is not quite out of my life
But I still don't want to write a poem about it

I do not want to write a poem about loneliness
Although I am quite lonely
I do not wallow in a pit of despair
I cannot breathe?

I cannot move because of this feeling,
of emptiness inside of my soul?

Not me

One recovers, tries to work through

At least I do

But still, I'm not that depressed

I don't want to write a poem that rhymes
or uses alliteration
She sincerely saw herself in the seas of despair?
I would not dare

To pull that out of thin air

Rhyming or alliteration might be a basic,

A necessity

But I don't want to use it

I do not want to write a poem about my complete self

I'm not that interesting

I have no life to brag about

Nor anything to say

I'm just a normality

Something of my own

Yet of everybody else

Therefore, I will not write a poem about myself

I guess I won't write a poem then

My Dearest Silence,

My dearest Silence,
How are you these days?
You may be wondering, Silence, why I've written this.
Not a word in months, but confrontation is liberation,
And that's what I intend to find.

My dearest Silence,
My quiet screams,
I'm screaming at you.
You can't – won't – hear me.
You only listen to the calm quiet,
The calm quiet that has since haunted me.
The words you never said that day, I listen for them now.
I'm straining, trying.
But there's no sound.

My dearest Silence,
I must thank you – in a way.
You've – somehow – made my days more understandable,
Though less bearable...
I've kept my ears open for you,
My eyes drawn to you,
But it's only ever brought me quiet.

My dearest Silence,
I do not long for your presence,
It's only the answers I seek,
What happened?
You were the winter that stole my summer away.
I didn't see it, I didn't,
But now I do.
And in the distance there's something more than Silence.

My dearest Silence,
I tried not to speak, keep my lips locked,
But, alas, the words keep tumbling from me,
Like knick knacks on a broken shelf.
I want to know, Silence.
I have to know.
But you won't answer me.

My dearest Silence,
I haven't asked you for much,
A whisper,
A murmur,
A single look.
Am I cursed to listen for your screams forevermore?
Will I never know the end of this?

Silence,
I have asked for words,
You have only given me quiet.
So perhaps it's time I begin my search for Noise.

**Twelfth Grade-2nd Place
Preston Owens**

Hoosier Academy

To Whom It May Concern

Memory

It is true what they say
That Nothing golden can stay
Life goes on and people change
Leaving everything confused and rearranged
Sometimes it seems so fast, everyone I knew is shifting gears and changing lanes
And yet, I stay the same.
Sometimes I want time to stop, to let me catch up
With the years
And loose ends.
Our lives are truly fleeting like a vapor or a
Missed, opportunity, that we regret later
"What if I'd tried harder and dug deeper?"
"Or will I ever see her, again?"
Hold onto the time we have together, gather them if you can
And hold them close, these memories, this taste of immortality
In the end, all we have are memories and how things should, or ought, or used to be
Though the memories may burn like hot ashes on long scarred gashes

Consider,
We have been blessed to hold them for a while
To look beyond what's there, to see the fleeting gold
For a moment frozen in time
We remember to see, to be, for you, for me, for eternity.

Twelfth Grade-3rd Place
Cameron Pernel

New Tech Academy @ Wayne

He Made Me this Way!

Why did you make me black?
You made me someone who the world wants to hold back?
Black is the color of dirty clothes;
the color of darkness
the color of tire beaten streets.
Why did you give me thick lips,
broad nose and kinky hair?
Black is the color of a bruised eye.
My bone structure is so thick,
My hips and cheeks are so high.
Why do all people think I'm useless?
How come I feel used?
He made me someone who receives the hatred stare.
Some people hate me
without knowing the person within.
Black is the color of shadows
Black is the end of the day
Why did you make me this way?

Twelfth Grade-Honorable Mention
Quatinya Ellis-McCall

New Tech Academy @ Wayne

The love I have for you is truly unconditional,
You have been my friend when I am lonely,
My teacher when I was wrong,
And my soldier when I'm not strong,
Your love for me is more than average
And at times it may seem that I take advantage
We fight, fuss, and cuss

But somehow we can see through
All of the darkness, and never stay mad at each other too long
I know that your love is auspicious
So I won't ever question it
You have taught me to be devoted to myself and what I believe
You gave me hard times only because you knew I could do better
And for that I thank you
Because it has only made me stronger
P.S. I love you mom

1/17/2014

F

31024553



03

HF GROUP - IN

